

almost anything you might choose to say. And a bit of ornamental carving that looked Celtic—

"Celtic!" I exclaimed.

No matter what his private troubles were, any man who had spent some months in the company of Vincent Gore was bound to rise to that as a trout to a fly. Celtic! In a Papua-Melanesian island!

"I didn't say it was—I said it looked Celtic," went on Gore imperturbably. "As it turned out, the thing was Dutch, and seventeenth century at that. Of course I took a rubbing of the stone before I went.

"And then I sailed for a little bit of an island farther out in the direction of the Admiralties, where Schouten's log mentions that they called. He says there were no natives there, but that they got some cocoanuts and oysters. It was an uninteresting place; I didn't stay.

"After that I went home. And, as I told you, I went for a trip to Holland, and amused myself looking up the history of the old Dutch navigators, Schouten in particular. That was the time when I ran across the history of the girl Schouten wanted to marry, and saw her portrait. Now let me show you something."

OUT of a small oilskin case he produced the photograph of the Dutch lady that I had already seen, also a neat India ink copy of a "rubbing" taken from an inscription.

"Do you see anything?" he asked.

At first I did not; then—

"By Jove!" I exclaimed.

"See it?"

"Yes, rather; they're identical."

"What?"

"Why, the carving and that monogram of pearls at the end of the necklace."

Gore looked at me and smoked. Presently he reached out a long arm for the carving, opened out a chart of New Britain, and set the paper on it.

"I took the bearings of the arrow," he said. "See where it points."

It pointed to a blank on the map, as far as I could see.

"That's not as blank as it looks," said Gore. "This region is worse charted than any other place in the world. There's an islet right in the line of the arrow—the islet where the cocoanuts and oysters were got."

"Lord!" I said, getting to my feet. "Why, it's as clear as daylight." I felt more excited than I would have believed, ten minutes before, I could ever feel over anything not connected with Isola.

"Of course," went on Red Bob, "the best way to make for Aroko Island, where the inscription is, would have been by Rabaul, getting a schooner there and sailing round the head of New Britain and a bit back. But—they aren't by way of

wanting strangers in Rabaul at any time, and just now they seem to want them less than usual. Every schooner, every cutter, every launch—everything with a keel on it—is engaged otherwise. Or it has had to go on the slip for repairs. Or the owner is away, and no one can hire it in his absence, and nobody knows when he will return. Result—nothing doing."

"What's the meaning of it all?" I asked.

"That's a big question, young Paul. Bigger than I can answer—at present. Rabaul's the capital, and a naval station. Well, I was given to understand that I might be tolerated over at Friedrich Wilhelmshaven—what a dashed sort of name to give a town!—on the mainland of New Guinea; that is, old Richter came to me and explained that it was twice as good for ethnological study of any kind, and he'd be delighted to help me, in the interests of science, to settle there for my stay. And the Governor said so, too. Therefore, knowing when I was beaten, I cleared. It's not so good a way to get to Schouten's little preserve, but it will have to do."

"And about Miss Ravenna?" I asked.

"About Frau Richter? Nothing about her till we find her, and then—time enough when we do. Don't cross bridges before we come to them. You'd better turn in if you're going to be fit to travel to-morrow."

"I have come to it," I said, getting shakily to my feet. "Do you think I'm going to leave Rabaul just on a chance—with her—Gore? Those black brutes would have her if she went just a few miles back—in her terror! If I can't do something, I—I—"

TO this hour, I can not say whether I meant it or not. I was "seeing red"; I had lost self-control from my illness. Yet, it was an irrational and a useless thing to catch up a chair and throw it at the glass door of the adjoining bedroom. The sound of the smashing glass, and the fall of the chair on the floor, seemed to do me good.

Gore did not turn a hair. He remained where he was, with his legs stretched out, smoking.

"As you were observing—" he remarked.

"I said—I said that I must do something. I can't leave it to chance."

"You needn't," said Red Bob. "She's all right. Has that automatic of yours been cleaned since you took ill?"

"Yes; I made Bo do it. What makes you think she is?"

"I never think," said Red Bob. "Go to bed."

And not another word could I get out of him.

But I knew him well enough, and trusted him enough, to get on board the

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In his long experience in the jungles of Africa he has made many attempts to obtain good motion pictures of animals in the wild; but the usual type of motion picture camera is very inadequate for this purpose because of its great weight, its wooden case, the time necessary to get it into action, and the clicking noise it makes.

The camera Mr. Akeley designed is made entirely of aluminum, eliminating cracking, and weighs, complete with the panoramic tripod, only twenty pounds. Instead of being fixed to a base, the



It's made of aluminum and weighs only twenty pounds.

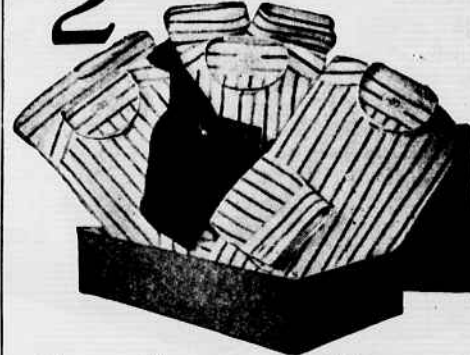
camera is pendant from an arm-like support, and can therefore be leveled instantly, no matter how hastily the tripod

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It may not be possible yet to have buttonhole motion picture cameras, but it looks as if we might soon be able to carry one in the coat pocket, ready at a moment's notice.

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